



SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898

WASHINGTON LETTER

A Satisfactory Fourth.

THE VALIANT DEAD.

The War Tax—Fighting Against Annexation.

THE COMBINATION OF THE POWERS

No One Disturbed.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 4, 1898.

President McKinley probably, all things considered, never passed a more satisfactory Fourth of July than this one. Gen. Shafter has justified all the confidence reposed in him by winning a series of glorious victories at Santiago, victories in which Admiral Sampson and his gallant sailors won new honors for the American navy, and which add no little to the respect felt by the world for the fighting qualities of Americans. There is only one drawback to the general rejoicing and that is the large number of killed and wounded on our side. The victories have been glorious, but they have also been bloody. But such is war. The peans of victory are with rare exceptions, such as the victory of Dewey in Manila Bay, always mingled with mourning cries for the gallant dead and sympathetic tears for the brave men wounded. Shafter's victories were won by assault upon an enemy strongly fortified and could not have been otherwise than bloody.

WILL NOT CALL FOR TROOPS.

Notwithstanding the persistency

price of articles which are taxed something like one-eighth of one cent, but their customers as a rule are calling them down.

WILL ANNEX HAWAII.

The opposition to annexation is dying hard, but there is no doubt that it is dying. It is doubtful whether it has strength enough to keep up the fight all this week. It is expected that a vote will be taken in the Senate on the annexation resolution this week. If the resolution be adopted by the middle of the week, this will probably be the last week of the session of Congress, as there is little else in the way of adjournment.

Nobody in Washington is disturbed to any noticeable extent on account of the story from Berlin that Germany, France and Russia had formed a combination for the purpose of opposing either the United States or England taking permanent possession of the Philippine Islands, after the war is over.

NO ONE BELIEVES IT.

In the first place, nobody believes that such a combination has been formed, but even if it were officially known to be in existence, it would not influence this government in the slightest degree. The final disposition of the Philippines will be settled by this government alone, when the proper time comes, and will be settled in accordance with what we wish, and not what any European power or powers may wish.

A PROMINENT VIRGINIAN.

Mr. Holmes' Career.

Mr. H. L. Holmes, ex-Grand Director of the G. U. O. of America, was born July 3, 1855, in King and Queen Co., Va., of slave parents. In June 1884, he, his mother, brother and sister, together with a large number of other slaves succeeded in escaping with the Union Army to Washington, D. C., where they were placed on Anacostia Island in the Potomac, opposite the city.

In the early part of 1888, he returned to Arlington Heights, Va., where he has remained ever since. Here he attended the public and private schools for a limited number of terms, when he determined to take a course in Howard University, Washington, D. C.

At the age of twenty-one in 1876 he was elected to the high and very important position of commissioner of the Revenue for the county. This position he has held for twenty-one consecutive years, notwithstanding he

THE KLEPTOMANIAC.

(Continued from Third Page.)

share my kindly feelings toward her handsome cousin, or, at least, so it seemed to me. When the coffee and cigars were brought Miss Milton left us, and I had a chance to continue my study of Mr. Joseph, and in a short time my temporary suspicions had been almost lulled to rest, when I was aroused again to a keen interest by his asking:

"Doctor, have you given much attention to poisons? Of course, I know you understand all about the drugs used in treating diseases, but have you ever thought about the poisons mentioned mysteriously in the old books of history and romance—the poison of the Borgias, for example, and other deadly drugs, which were supposed to kill a man and leave no trace? I confess that the subject has a fascination for me and that I have made quite a study of it. What are your views?"

"Could it be possible after all that this young scoundrel had been experimenting upon his uncle, risking his death as a possibility which would place him in quicker possession of his father's fortune? And, if so, could he be so boldly audacious that, seeing me in the house treating his victim, he introduced this topic to disarm me of my suspicions? I did not know what to think."

"However, it was an opportunity worth improving, so I spoke to him of various poisons, including the one which I suspected had been administered to Mr. Milton, and without hesitation he expressed himself openly, showing a degree of knowledge of the peculiar insidious working of the drug which surpassed my own, finally adding:

"I suppose you know that large doses of opium prove a reliable antidote?"

"I could not resist replying quickly: 'That is what I am administering to your uncle?'"

"I watched him closely, but my words did not appear to disturb him, and either failing to comprehend my meaning or else making such a pretense he answered:

"Oh, yes. It's a great drug in maniacal cases, I suppose the old man is clean daff, eh? His kleptomania proves that, don't you think?"

"This ready tongue was too much for me, and shortly afterward I made the excuse that I must return to my patient and went up stairs puzzled. I did not know whether Mr. Joseph was a polished villain or a scholarly gentleman, so difficult is it at times to distinguish between veneer and solid wood."

"My return to the sick chamber allowed the valet opportunity to go below for his dinner, and once more I was alone with my patient. I found him with a better skin and pulse and was reasonably sure that in a few more hours the morphia would overcome the poison and restore him to consciousness. Then a new idea occurred to me, and going into the valet's room I abstracted two of his cheap cigars and placed them in my pocket."

"At 9 o'clock I found my patient still improving, and calculating that the crisis of returning consciousness could not supervene before midnight I decided to get some sleep, and leaving Lindley to watch his master, with orders to call me if needed, I went to the room assigned me for a little rest."

"I threw myself, fully dressed, upon the bed and quickly slumbered. I had no idea how long I had slept when I was awakened by a confused noise of voices and started up. Presently I was astonished to hear a feminine voice, which I recognized, saying:

"No, no, Joe! You mustn't! If anybody, if the doctor, was to see us together, what would he think?"

"This decided me, and as I now plainly made out that the voices came from the hallway I quickly went to my door, which I opened and looked out. I saw in the dim light a man and a woman struggling together, but they heard my door open and separated. The man went rapidly toward the stairway, down which he disappeared, but as he passed the hall light I readily assured myself that it was Mr. Joseph Milton. The woman darted into a room nearly opposite mine, and without waiting to thoroughly consider the consequences of my act I hastened after her. My hand turned the knob just in time to prevent her from locking me out. As it was, she shot the bolt just as I opened the door, but too late to prevent my entrance. Passing through I closed and bolted the door behind me, and then confronted a young woman, rather pretty in the half light from a shaded lamp, who stood like an animal at bay, with bosom heaving, lips compressed and hands clasped nervously together."

"Feeling that I had the best of the situation and that the clew to the mystery was about to be revealed to me I simply waited in silence, gazing at her intently, until finally in desperation, her voice trembling with fear and anger, she cried:

"What do you want?"

"Forty thousand dollars," said I sternly.

"My words were evidently most unexpected, for they had a magical effect upon her."

"Throwing up her arms, she cried out, 'I know nothing about it!' and then crossed to the bed, where she dropped in a fit of wild hysteria. I waited for the first force of the paroxysm to pass, and then, turning up the light that I might see her better, I decided upon a determined mode of dealing with this woman. Going to her I turned her head in my two hands, thus compelling her to look at me, I said to her with severity:

"Shut up! Be quiet instantly!"

"This command she obeyed so quickly and completely that I was amazed, though I understood the physiology of the phenomenon well enough in the light of other occurrences."

"Now, then," said I, "tell me who you are."

"Rose, Miss Milton's maid," she answered, composedly enough."

"What were you doing with Mr. Joseph in the hall?" was my next query."

"Kissing him," she said in the most matter of fact tone. This answer almost disconcerted me. Was the deep plot which I had suspected descending to a mere flirtation with a maid? I nearly adopted this explanation, when it struck me as most peculiar that the girl should have made the admission in such

simple, direct language, without attempt at palliation. Then, too, her suddenly submissive quiescence immediately following my command to abandon her hysteria aroused a suspicion of the truth, and I asked:

"Are you asleep?"

"I am asleep," she echoed.

"Here at last was the truth. The girl was a sensitive and had submitted to my command by passing into a state of hypnosis. I jumped to the conclusion at once that whether or not Mr. Milton was a kleptomaniac some other person had purloined the \$40,000, and this girl had been the instrument in his hands. He had hypnotized her and used her as his cat's paw to pull the coveted chestnuts from the fire, believing that the malady of Mr. Milton would serve as a shield to his own crime. The recovery of the money and the proof of my theory seemed easy. Any suggestion or command made to her now would be obeyed when she awoke. I therefore addressed her once more, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Are you still asleep?"

"I am still asleep."

"You will obey my will?"

"I will obey."

"You know where the stolen money is?"

"I know where it is."

"Very good. Tomorrow, at 10 precisely, you will return it to the drawer from which it was taken."

"I will return it."

"Good. Do not disobey me. Now sleep for five minutes, then awaken and forget that you have slept or that I have been here."

"I will awaken and forget."

"Thus, you see, she was a good automaton, yielding readily to suggestion, and I had no doubt that she would restore the money in the morning, obedient to an impulse which she would not herself understand, but which would prove irresistible. I allowed her to drop into a restful position on the bed and so left her."

CHAPTER III.

"I was destined to have one more singular experience that night. Leaving the maid's room I found by my watch that it was only 11 o'clock, and therefore went back to my own room, where a short time later I was surprised by a tap on my door. Thinking that I was wanted at the bedside of my patient I hurried out and was astonished to find that my visitor was Mr. Joseph Milton."

"I admitted him, and he explained his purpose at once."

"I hope I am not intruding, doctor, but the fact is I couldn't go to sleep without trying to regain your good opinion."

"What makes you think that you have forfeited it?" I asked."

"Oh, I am not like the ostrich," said he. "I don't hide my head under my wing and expect to escape observation."

You witnessed that little episode in the hall awhile ago, and I am sure you recognized me, did you not?"

I admitted the fact, and he continued: "I know it. Well, let me tell you the truth, for the sake of the girl. I met her by chance, and she looked so pretty that I couldn't resist the temptation to kiss her. It's a failing of mine, I suppose. When I see a pretty girl, I just have a craving to salute her lips. But that ends it, I assure you. I don't mean the girls any harm, and you mustn't think this one was at fault. She couldn't help herself, and that is all there is about it. An honest confession is good for the soul, they say, and I certainly feel better for having told you the truth!"

"I thought it best to humor the idea that he could thus hoodwink me, and I pretended to be quite willing to believe him. I invited him to stop and chat with me until I should return to my patient, and we smoked a couple of cigars together."

"At midnight I returned to Mr. Milton's bedside and half an hour later I had the pleasure of seeing him shake off his lethargy and show signs of returning strength and vitality, so that I knew that the crisis was safely passed. I sat up during the remainder of the night and allowed the valet to sleep. Indeed, he needed rest, having been continuously awake for 36 hours."

"About 9 o'clock in the morning Mr. Milton was awake and had sufficiently recovered to talk to me. He declared that he had no knowledge whatever of what had occurred, and it required some little time before he could even be reminded of the loss of his money. Eventually he seemed to recall the circumstance, but apparently took no interest either in its loss or possible recovery. In fact, he showed such signs of dissatisfaction at my persisting in discussing the matter that I thought best to say no more and even began to consider the probability of his having been the thief after all. It was not impossible that during one of his aberrant periods he had secreted the money and that the maid, if she knew of its whereabouts, as I had so readily concluded, had gained her knowledge by seeing him in the act of hiding the packet of bills. Thus it will be seen that as the hour of 10 approached, at which time I looked for the denouement, I was still not certain of my theories, and I waited with some anxiety."

"I had arranged to have Miss Milton and Mr. Joseph in the room, and I detained them by conversation that they might witness whatever occurred. The valet also was present, because I had set him a task which kept him in the room."

"At last the hour struck, and almost at the moment the maid, Rose, came in. At sight of us all she stopped a moment and hesitated. I made a signal for silence, and all looked from me to the girl mystified."

"The maid's hesitation lasted but a moment, and then she moved swiftly across the floor until she stood before Mr. Milton's bureau, where she took a parcel from under her apron, and, opening a drawer, dropped it in. The act completed, she turned to leave the room, and her gaze met that of the valet, who was staring at her with open amazement. She uttered a muffled cry and dropped limply to the floor in a swoon."

"We hurried to her and lifted her to the lounge, where she was placed in a recumbent position."

"Let her lie there," said I, "while I explain what has occurred."

"Then I opened the bureau drawer, where, surely enough, I found the lost money, 40 bills of \$1,000 each, still fastened with the bands placed around them at the bank. I took them to Mr. Milton, but he accepted them with lit-

tle interest, merely remarking: "I knew they would turn up. I wonder where she found them," and then turned away from us, as though wearied."

"I was now at last assured that he had had nothing whatever to do with this last theft, and in his weakened condition I thought it best not to further excite him. I therefore went into the valet's room, motioning the others to follow me. When we were all assembled, except the maid, who had not recovered from her swoon, Miss Milton said:

"Please explain this, doctor," and I began."

"In the first place, Miss Milton," said I, "your father is neither a kleptomaniac nor a thief. He has merely been the victim of a plot. And I may add that he has had a narrow escape from death by poison."

"By poison?" she cried. "Impossible!"

"The simple truth, I assure you," said I. "When your mother died, some one in this house conceived the scheme and has relentlessly put it into practice. This person knew the peculiar effects of stramonium and that one phenomenon of its action is that the subject recovers from its effects oblivious of what has occurred during the period of his intoxication. This arch villain began to ply Mr. Milton with the drug and coincidentally inaugurated a series of petty thefts, secreting the stolen articles in such places that their discovery has led to the conclusion that Mr. Milton was the thief. Furthermore, with extreme cunning, these stolen things were of such trifling value that it was easy to lead his friends to believe in kleptomania, especially as all the while the doses of stramonium were inducing what appeared to be maniacal spells. I must say that the fellow has shown consummate skill as well as patience in developing his plot, for months have passed since it began. Finally, the presence of a large sum of money in the house offered the final opportunity for which he has waited. Two nights ago he must have given Mr. Milton an unusually strong dose of the poison, for it has nearly killed him. During the action of the drug the money was stolen and secreted by the girl Rose, and the robbery might readily have been attributed to Mr. Milton's supposed mania had I not discovered the truth."

"But I do not see how you have learned all this," said Miss Milton. Both Mr. Joseph and the valet remained silent, though both followed my narrative closely."

"Lindley, here, gave me the first clew," said I, at which the man perceptibly started. "He told me that his master mistook black for green, and this phenomenon has been recorded in a history of a case of stramonium poisoning, which by chance I was reading only yesterday afternoon. Thus you see what odd coincidences occur in life. I at once administered the proper antidote, with good results. But let me tell you how the poison was administered. I learned

"Don't try to get away, my man," that through you," said I, turning toward Mr. Joseph, whereupon he in turn became discomfited."

"I do not understand you," he said.

"Perhaps you will deny coming to my room last night," said I.

"I certainly must do so," he replied. "I have no recollection of having visited you."

"At this moment there were cries from the next room. The maid had awakened from her swoon."

"Stay in here," I cried, and I went to the girl and compelled her to come back with me. She was sobbing violently and crying out hysterically:

"I didn't mean to tell, Joe. I could not help it. I could not help it."

"Now, then, Mr. Joseph Milton," said I, "you will please explain your relations with this girl, who thus familiarly calls you by your name."

"If you think that she is addressing me," said he, "you are vastly mistaken. I do not tolerate such familiarity from servants."

"No," said I with a sneer. "Yet you do not hesitate to kiss your pretty servants in the dark hallways."

"He colored deeply, looked confusedly at his cousin and dropped his head, but he made no reply."

"Perhaps I can explain," said Miss Milton. "My cousin is very foolish about pretty maids, but I am sure that Rose here means Lindley."

"But," said I, "his name is Robert Lindley."

"Robert Joshua Lindley," replied Miss Milton, "but his fellow servants called him Joe."

"At this the valet made a move as though about to leave the room, but I forestalled him."

"Don't try to get away, my man," said I. "It will do you no good. I have taken the precaution to telephone to the police station, and two officers are waiting for you outside."

"I do not know what you mean," he replied boldly."

"I mean," said I, "that you have been giving Mr. Milton cigars steeped in stramonium, and that you are the second at the bottom of this whole devilish plot."

"You are crazy," said he. "How are you going to prove it?"

"Listen," said I. "You stopped me from taking a cigar from that box yesterday, telling me that they were your private property. Later in the night, while I was out of the room, you took the precaution to remove all the cigars and substitute others, but you did not know that previously, while you were at dinner, I had appropriated two of the original lot for purposes of analysis. I had myself forgotten the fact, when Mr. Joseph came to my room last night, and

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with which statements to the contrary continue to be circulated, President McKinley has not even considered issuing another call for troops, and unless there are some unexpected developments he does not expect to have to consider the matter. He believes that we have enough men now under arms to complete the job of thrashing the Spaniards, which have been so gloriously conducted up to date.

Alabama ought to be proud of her representatives in the U. S. Senate. Senators Morgan and Pettus are demerits, but not the obstructive kind. They are Americans first of all, and as such they have been strongly supporting the administration in its conduct of the war; also in its efforts to bring about the annexation of Hawaii. In an able speech in favor of annexation, Senator Pettus replied to the charge that annexation would cause us to build a large navy by saying: "I hope to God it will. I will welcome the day when our navy will be so powerful that no nation on the globe will ever dare to offer us an insult."

AFTER THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

Interest in the war has not made those who are interested in keeping the Government Printing Office under the civil service rules cease their efforts to prevent action by the President that will take the office out of the control of the civil service commission. The civil service commission, which desires to hold on to the office, has submitted a plan for the apportionment of the employees of the office among the several states and territories, and prominent men are trying to influence the President to let the office remain under civil service rule. As soon as he can find time, President McKinley will take up this matter and settle it. It is still generally believed in Washington that it is to be put outside of the civil service.

THE QUESTION OF STAMPS.

The stamp section of the War Revenue law has not been as troublesome as put into effect as many had predicted. So far as Washington is concerned, the new law, which went into effect on the 1st of the present month, has made more amusement than real trouble. The paying tellers of banks were surprised at the large number of their depositors who didn't know that a revenue stamp had to be attached to their checks, but they didn't cash any checks until the required stamp had been stuck on. About every other person who filed a telegram registered a kick when informed that it would not be accepted until stamped, and wanted to know why the telegram company couldn't stand the tax. Some dealers are trying to profit largely by the stamp tax by adding five or ten cents to the

has been before the people six different times for re-election, such was his popularity that only twice have there been opposing candidates. Even then he was elected by overwhelming majorities—receiving the votes of all parties and both races.

He has been identified and prominently connected with every phase of the Order in the state of Virginia. He served three years as Director of the District Lodge, No. 15, of Virginia, and is serving at present his eighth year as District Grand Master. This is the largest and among the best organized District Grand Lodges in America. During his administration as Master the Order in the State has been prosperous. The number of lodges has increased from 149 to 200; the membership from 5500 to 7114; value of property from \$62,448 to \$100,070.

At the organization of the District Grand Household of Virginia, which was held in Richmond, June 8th, 1897, he was elected Worthing District Most Noble Governor. But his usefulness and labors have not been limited to the state of Virginia, but have reached out to every part of the Order in America.

At the B. M. C. of 1882, he was elected to the distinguished position of Grand Director, member of the S. O. of M., and re-elected at the B. M. C. of 1894, serving for a period of four years.

In religion, he is a staunch Baptist. He is not however a narrow-minded and bigoted sectarian but broad and liberal in his thoughts according to a just respect to the religious opinions of all.

In April, 1886, he joined the Mount Zion Baptist Church of Arlington, of which the Rev. Joseph Matthews was pastor. He has taken an active interest ever since in the church, being a faithful and consistent member and one of its most faithful workers.

He was early made chairman of the Board of Trustees. This was followed in very short time by his election as a member of the Board of Deacons, which position he has held ever since. From early boyhood he has been a strict attendant of the Sabbath School. Soon after joining the church, he was made superintendent, which position he still fills.